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management of one of the most embarrassing inheritances that ever fell to man. What they might have done of their own motion about slavery is now matter for conjecture, the one certainty being that things could not long have stayed as they were. After serving purposes useful to the outside world as well as to the South, slavery had come to be an economic incubus, and in that sense at least it was too bad to last. In some other ways the old Southern life, including, in certain aspects, the relations between masters and slaves, was too good to last.

JOHN DOUGLASS VAN HORNE.

Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

### CROGLIN WATER

Croglin Water, O wild Croglin Water,  
Bonny from the peat and brown  
As the light on the basking otter  
In warm brackens lowers down!

Like your linns\* that shout and blend their voices  
On the rock they carve and spray,  
Steals an echo heavy with all time's noises  
Through the gorge of life away.

And beyond the gorge, the wider river  
Shouts an answer and then is still. . . .  
Praising the gift—that men may praise the giver—  
O Croglin Water through the hill?

For I know no answer, though the torrent  
Of my living leaps and swells. . . .  
But there rise in quiet places of its current  
Bubbles like an otter's bells.

JOHN HELSTON.

London, England.

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\* Waterfalls.